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LIFE OF JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued from page 493).

In his youth he was very intimate with Telemann. He had a very great esteem for Handel, and often wished to be personally acquainted with him. As Handel was also a great performer on the clavier and the organ, many lovers of music, at Leipzig and in its neighbourhood, wished to hear these two great men together. But Handel never could find time for such a meeting. He came three times from London to Halle, his native town. On his first visit, about the year 1719, Bach was still at Coethen, only four German miles from Halle. He was immediately informed of Handel's arrival, and lost not a moment in paying him a visit; but Handel left Halle the very day of his arrival. At the time of Handel's second visit, (between 1730 and 1740), Bach was at Leipzig, but ill. As soon, however, as he was informed of Handel's arrival at Halle, he immediately sent his eldest son, William Friedemann, thither, with a very polite invitation to visit him, at Leipzig. But Handel regretted that he could not come. On Handel's third visit, in 1752 or 1753, Bach was dead. Thus his wish to be personally acquainted with Handel was not fulfilled, any more than that of many lovers of music, who would have been glad to see and hear him and Handel together.

At the same time that Hasse was director of the chapel at Dresden, the opera and the chapel there were very brilliant and excellent. Bach had there already, in his earlier years, many acquaintance, by all of whom he was much honoured. Hasse and his wife, the celebrated Faustina, came several times to Leipzig, and admired his great talents. He was, therefore, always received in the most honourable manner at Dresden, and often went thither to hear the opera. He generally took his eldest son with him. He used to say in joke, some days before his departure, "Friedemann, shall we go again to hear the pretty Dresden songs?" Innocent as this joke was in itself, I am convinced, that Bach would not have uttered it to any body, except this son, who at that time already knew what is great in art, and what is only beautiful and agreeable.

Bach did not make what is called a brilliant fortune. He had, indeed, a lucrative office, but he had a great number of children to maintain and to educate from the income of it. He neither had nor sought other resources. He was too much occupied with his business and his art to think of pursuing those ways, which, perhaps, for a man like him, especially in his times, would have led to riches.

If he had thought fit to travel, he would (as even one of his enemies has said) have drawn upon himself the admiration of the whole world! But he loved a quiet domestic life, constant and uninterrupted occupation with his art, and was, as we have said of his ancestors, contented with a moderate competency.

With all this, however, he enjoyed during his life manifold proofs of love and friendship and of great honour. Prince Leopold of Coethen, Duke Ernest of Weimar, and Duke Christian of Weissenfels, had a most sincere attachment to him, which must have been the more valuable to the great artist, as these princes were not mere lovers, but also judges, of music. At Berlin and Dresden, also, he was universally honoured and respected. If we add, the admiration of the connoisseurs and lovers of music, who had heard him, or were acquainted with his works, we shall easily conceive that a man like Bach, "who sung only for himself and the muses," had received from the hands of fame all that he could wish, and which had more charms for him than the equivocal honours of a ribbon or a gold chain.

It would be hardly worth while to mention that, in 1747, he became a member of the "Society of the Musical Sciences," founded by Mitzler, did we not owe to this circumstance his admirable choral melody, "Vom himmel hoch," &c. He presented this melody to the society on his admission, and had it afterwards engraved.

CHAPTER IX.

To be able to produce such accomplished works as Bach has left behind him, in various branches, he must necessarily have composed a great deal. He who is not daily employed upon his art, if he were the greatest genius in the world, will yet never be able to produce a work which can be pronounced by a judge to be throughout perfect and complete. Only uninterrupted practice can lead to true excellence. But, if we were to pronounce all the works produced during this practice, to be masterpieces, because masterpieces, at length, proceeded from it, we should greatly err. This is the case also with Bach's works. Though we certainly find, even in his earlier attempts, undeniable evidences of a distinguished genius, yet they contain, at the same time, so much that is useless, poor, extravagant, and tasteless, that they are not worth preserving; at least, for the public, in general; and, at most, may be interesting to the connoisseur, who wishes to make himself more intimately acquainted with the course

which such a genius has followed, from the commencement of his career.

For the separation of these attempts, or juvenile exercises, from the real masterpieces, Bach has himself given us two means, and we have a third in the art of critical comparison. At the appearance of his first work, he was above forty years of age. What he himself, at so mature an age, judged worthy of publication, has certainly a presumption in its favour, that it is good. We may, therefore, consider all the works, which he himself had engraved, to be extremely good.

With respect to those among his compositions which circulate only in manuscript copies, and which are by far the greater number, we must have recourse, in order to know what is worth preserving, partly to critical comparisons, partly to the sound means which Bach himself has given us. Like all really great geniuses, he never laid aside the critical file, in order to make his fine compositions still finer. Any one of his early works that was at all susceptible of improvement, he improved. This desire to improve was extended even to some of his engraved works. Hence there arose various readings in the old and new copies, and he himself conceived all these pieces which are found with various readings to be, according to their original plan, worthy of improvement, and thought to make of them really excellent works of art. I reckon under this head the most of what he composed before the year 1725, as shall be mentioned more particularly in the ensuing list. A great many later compositions, but which, for reasons easily understood, are likewise known only in manuscript, bear too evidently about them the stamp of perfection, to allow us to doubt whether we shall reckon them among the essays, or among the works of the accomplished master.

Bach's engraved works are the following:—

I. *Clavierübung, &c., or Exercises for the Clavier; consisting of Preludes Allemandes, Courants, Sarabands, Jigs, Minuets, &c., for the amusement of amateurs.* Opus I. Published by the Author. 1731. This first work consists of six Suites; the first of which came out in 1726, and the others followed successively, till they were all engraved together, in 1731. This work made, in its time, a great noise in the musical world. Such excellent compositions for the harpsichord had never been seen and heard before. Any one who had learnt to perform well some pieces out of them, could make his fortune in the world by them; and even in our times a young artist might gain knowledge by them, they are so brilliant, well-sounding, expressive, and always new. In the new edition, they have the title of *Exercices pour le Clavier*.

II. *Clavierübung, or Exercises for the Clavier; consisting of a Concerto in the Italian taste, and an Overture in the French manner for a Harpsichord with two rows of keys.* Second part. Published by Christopher Weigel, in Nuremberg.

III. *Clavierübung, or Exercises for the Clavier; consisting of various Preludes, to the Catechismal and other Hymns, for the Organ, composed for the amusement of amateurs, and particularly judges of such works.* Third part. Published by the Author. Besides the preludes and fugues for the organ, which are all masterpieces, this collection contains also four duets for the clavier, which are models for duets, and admit no third part.

IV. *Sechs Choräle, or Six Choral Melodies of different kinds, to be played on one Organ, with two rows of keys and pedal.* Zella on the Thuringia Forest. Published by Joh. G. Schübler. They are full of dignity and religious expression. In some of them we may see how Bach, in his managing the stops, departed from the usual manner. Thus, for instance, in the second choral "Wo soll ich flüchten hin," &c., he gives to the first 8, to the second 16, and to the pedal 4 feet. The pedal has to perform the *Cantum firmum*.

V. *Clavierübung, or Exercises for the Clavier; consisting of an Air, with several variations, for the Harpsichord with two rows of keys.* Published by Balthasar Schmid at Nuremberg. This admirable work consists of thirty variations, in which there are canons in all intervals and movements from the unison to the ninth, with the most easy and flowing melody. There is also a regular four-part fugue, and besides, several extremely brilliant variations for two clavichords; at last a quodlibet, as it is called, which might alone render its author immortal, though it is far from being here the first part.

For this model, according to which all variations should be made, though, for reasons easily understood, not a single one has been made after it, we are indebted to Count Kaiserling, formerly Russian Ambassador at the Court of the Elector of Saxony, who frequently resided in Leipzig, and brought with him Goldberg, who has been mentioned above, to have him instructed by Bach in music. The Count was a great invalid, and had many sleepless nights. At these times Goldberg, who lived in the house with him, passed the night in an adjoining room, to play something to him when he could not sleep. The Count once said to Bach, that he should like to have some harpsichord pieces for Goldberg, which should be of a soothing and rather cheerful character, that he might be a little amused by them in his sleepless nights. Bach thought

he could best fulfil this wish by variations, which, on account of the constant sameness of the fundamental harmony, he had hitherto considered as an ungrateful work. But as at this time all his works were models of art, these variations also became such under his hand. This is, indeed, the only model of the kind that he has left us. The Count always called them *his* variations. He was never weary of hearing them; and for a long time afterwards, when the sleepless nights came, he used to say, "Dear Goldberg, do play me one of my variations." Bach was, perhaps, never so well rewarded for any work as for this: the Count made him a present of a golden goblet, filled with a hundred Louis d'ors. But their worth, as works of art, would not have been paid, if the present had been a thousand times as great. It must be observed, that in the engraved copies of these variations there are some important errata, which the author has carefully corrected in his copy.

(To be continued.)

OPERA COMPANIES.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

We have not heard anything for the last few days of the new Opera project. It appears, however, that a company proposing to assume the direction of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre has actually been formed, and that it possesses a paid-up capital of not less than £2,000. Its pecuniary position, then, is already better than that of the English Opera Company, which, according to the recently published balance-sheet, has £37 in hand at the London and County Bank. The great obstacle to the plans of the Italian Opera Company seems to be Mr. Mapleson, who refuses to be removed from Her Majesty's Theatre. The life of an operatic manager is, indeed, reported not to be the most agreeable in the world. Among other inconveniences, it involves utter ruin almost as a matter of course. But it also has great attractions while it lasts; and as every soldier who joins a forlorn hope thinks that *he* will not be hit, so every operatic manager seems to fancy that he, through some special interposition, must escape the fate of Delafield, of Lumley, and a score of predecessors. In the days of imprisonment for debt, insolvency was held by a person of experience to be not only an advantage but a necessity for an operatic manager. Mr. Taylor, who was director of the King's (now Her Majesty's) Theatre for many years in the early part of the present century, passed a considerable portion of his time in prison; and being asked how he could possibly conduct the opera when he was in the King's Bench, replied, "How could I possibly conduct it if I were at liberty? I should be eaten up! A dancer wants a new dress; a singer wants an increased salary. At present they apply to my secretary, who cannot go beyond his line. If they could get at me, I do not know what I should do. No man at large can manage that theatre; nor, indeed, ought any man who undertakes it to be allowed to go at large." The same Mr. Taylor proposed, at another time, that great criminals, instead of being sentenced to death, should be condemned to become directors of the opera. Nevertheless, Taylor liked directing the opera himself, and it was his poverty, and not his will, that caused him at last to cease all connection with it.

Mr. Mapleson, then, like other infatuated men who have preceded him in the same position, persists in wishing to retain the management of Her Majesty's Theatre. Otherwise, the Opera Company would at once take it off his hands, and indeed had already engaged to do so, without troubling him in the matter at all. The only mistake they made was that of confounding the rights of the proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre with those of the lessee. Lord Dudley has no more title to interfere in the internal affairs of the opera than Mr. Mapleson has to raise money on the building. Suppose, however, that Lord Dudley were the lessee and manager, and not merely the proprietor, of Her Majesty's Theatre, and that he were as ready as he is said to be now to cede his interest in it to the Opera Company, what advantages would the public derive from such an arrangement? If our opera managers have shown remarkable enterprise of late years, it is due to a spirit of rivalry; and it was precisely a want of enterprise on the part of a manager who fancied he had secured a monopoly that led to the establishment of a second Italian Opera, now nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Lumley, in the course of his management, had engaged numbers of excellent singers, and the public on the whole was probably satisfied with the way in which he conducted Her Majesty's Theatre. But the opposition theatre was obliged by the first condition of its existence to give better and more complete performances than were to be heard at the old opera-house, and in time the Royal Italian Opera accustomed the public to a standard of excellence which they of Her Majesty's Theatre found it absolutely necessary to attain. The general result of this competition has been that, instead of having one indifferent opera, we have two excellent ones. We have, in particular, two admirable orchestras instead of one. Just so the steady old Covent

Garden chorus is becoming antiquated, and Mr. Mapleson's simple plan of getting his Italian chorus from Italy will no doubt be adopted before long by Mr. Gye—as more than one of Mr. Gye's ideas has already been adopted by Mr. Mapleson. As regards principal singers, it cannot be supposed that with an operatic monopoly in London we should have heard this summer six such vocalists as Patti, Lucca, Fioretti, Trebelli, de Murska, and Titiens.

But if the public are the gainers, the unfortunate managers lose, it may be said, by the terrible rivalry. In that case, how is it that Mr. Mapleson cannot be prevailed upon to give up Her Majesty's Theatre, and that Mr. Gye retires from the supreme management of the Royal Italian Opera merely to admit a certain number of speculators to a share in the immense profits which that establishment yields annually? If the singers and the public are contented, and the managers are prosperous, why not let operatic affairs remain as they are? Perhaps it is imagined that a company can manage a theatre better than an individual. The truth, however, is, that in directing theatres, individuals fail almost always, while companies fail invariably. Sometimes the directors dispute among themselves, as has lately happened with the United Theatres Company in Paris. If they do not quarrel, their unanimity is something terrible, for they can only avoid dispute by agreeing that each shall recommend his own particular friends for engagements. Mr. Ebers, who had had some experience of the system, writes about it in his "Seven Year's of the King's Theatre" as follows:—"The nominal manager must offend a part of his committee by non-compliance with their wishes, or incur ruinous expense by the engagement of artists for whose services he has no need and whose places are already supplied." In 1682, when a theatrical monopoly was established in London by the union of the "Duke's company" with the "King's company," we are told by Dr. Brayley, in his curious "Account of the London Theatres," that "the actors, in consequence, suffered great oppression from the overbearing conduct of the patentees, and particularly of Christopher Rich, who had been bred to the law." We should not fear any such result in the present day and in connection with the Italian opera; for this kind of entertainment is not cultivated in England alone. An operatic monopoly would be injurious to the interests of the English public, but it would have little, if any, effect on the fortunes of the principal singers, who can get quite as good terms in Paris and St. Petersburg as in London. Every few years we hear of a new Italian opera being opened—last year at Warsaw, two years before at Moscow, and within the last ten years at several of the German watering places. The competition for their services during the autumn, winter, and spring seasons on the Continent accustoms the singers to receive large salaries, which they expect as a matter of course when they come to London for the summer, and which they are sure to obtain whether we have one Italian opera or two. It is not only the establishment of two Italian operas in London, but the formation of a number of new Italian companies on the Continent, that has caused such a remarkable increase of late years in the salaries paid to singers. Even the monopoly of 1682 did not prosper very long, the actors, after a time, refusing to submit to it. All other attempts to conduct theatres on the joint-stock principle have ended most disastrously. When Drury Lane was rebuilt and re-opened under the most favorable auspices by a committee of which Lord Byron, the Earl of Essex, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the Hon. George Lamb were members, the speculation failed completely, and two of the committeemen soon afterwards cut their throats.

We know that individual opera managers have occasionally, at long intervals and for short periods, succeeded in deriving considerable profit from their labours. Nevertheless, in England no one, either as a shareholder or as sole manager, has ever risked money in an operatic speculation without losing it in the end. "How is it, then," it may be asked, "that so many men ready to assume the managerial reins are always to be found?" "How is it," we might ask in return, "that, when so many sovereigns have been driven from their thrones during the last five-and-thirty years, the place of king still continues to be in demand?" The candidates flatter themselves that the fate of the Kings of France, of Holland, of Spain, of Naples, of Greece (to say nothing of the Kinglets of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma) will not be theirs; and in the meanwhile the office of king, like that of opera manager, is important and may even be made agreeable. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that the building now called Her Majesty's Theatre has passed through the hands of twenty-eight operatic directors since 1705; and few of them escaped bankruptcy. Even the Royal Italian Opera, during its brief existence, has already been in the hands of five different managers or managerial combinations. First, it was conducted by Persiani and others, who failed. Then it was undertaken by Mr. Delafield, who, beginning with a great fortune, was ruined with unexampled rapidity. After Mr. Delafield's catastrophe it was difficult to find a new director (who, indeed, would have accepted the crown of France just after the decapitation of Louis XVI.?), and

the theatre was carried on for a season by a commonwealth under the presidency of Mr. Gye. Mr. Gye did better for the commonwealth than he had done for Delafield; for at the end of the season there were no debts, and there remained a sum of about two hundred pounds to divide among the principal singers, who, however, with characteristic confidence, had expected to receive fifteen thousand. The failure of the commonwealth led naturally to a restoration of the monarchical system, and the operatic sceptre was now assumed by Mr. Thistlethwaite; Mr. Gye, the Talleyrand of Italian Opera, still retaining, under this as under previous régimes, his post of minister and confidential adviser. The death of Mr. Thistlethwaite in the Crimea led to a Chancery suit, in which Mr. Gye and Colonel Knox were (and are still) involved. Then came the burning of the theatre. There were heavy liabilities on the Royal Italian Opera at the time, and when the original shareholders of Covent Garden were asked to take the old bricks and mortar and rebuild the house, they declined.

But during the last few years it is evident that operatic affairs have gone well in England—at least, as regards the Italian stage, for Mr. Gye regards the Royal Italian Opera as a certain source of profit, while Mr. Mapleson will not on any account resign his position at Her Majesty's Theatre. Still, though Italian opera may yield enough to content two individual managers, we doubt whether enough could ever be got out of it to satisfy the shareholders of a company.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Mellon is keeping up the good custom, instituted by the late M. Jullien, of devoting occasional evenings to the works of the great masters. Not long since the whole first part of the concert was absorbed by Mendelssohn, from whose compositions were selected the descriptive overture, *Meerstille und glücklich Fahrt*, suggested by one of Goethe's poems; the first pianoforte concerto, the "Munich Concerto" as Mendelssohn himself used to call it, played with wonderful vigor by little Fraulein Marie Krebs, the "Lady of the Curtesees;" the romance called "The first Violet," sung by Mdlle. Liebhardt; and the overture and incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—as rich a programme as could have possibly been made out. Later, Mr. Mellon gave what he called a "Gounod night." On this occasion the first part was exclusively taken up by music chosen from the works of the admired composer of *Faust*. Though by no means a Mendelssohn, M. Gounod has quite sufficient variety to sustain the interest of an entire section of a concert programme; and this was shown in the result. The selection from Gounod comprised the overture to *La Médecin malgré lui*; the Pageant March from *La Reine de Saba*; the "Meditation" on J. S. Bach's first Prelude—Messrs. H. Hill (violin), Trust (harp), and —? (organ); the *Danse de Bacchantes* from the pastoral opera, *Philemon et Baucis*; the *Air des Bijoux*, from *Faust* (Mdlle. Second Symphony (in E flat)—an early work, which was recently Liebhardt; and the described in a notice of one of the excellent Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Herr Manns. At each of these performances the theatre was crowded. On Thursday night it was the turn of Beethoven, whose name exercised the accustomed spell, and, as usual, attracted a vast multitude of amateurs. The programme contained only one piece with which Mr. Mellon's supporters were unlikely to be more or less familiar. This was the overture to *King Stephen*, which on account of its light, sparkling, and agreeable character, would, if often heard, be tolerably sure of becoming popular. It was played not merely with vigour, but with a nice attention to detail that showed how thoroughly Mr. Mellon must have made himself master of the score. The concert began with the Pastoral Symphony, "repeats" excepted, given without curtailment, and finely given from end to end. Rarely has the magnificent "storm" movement, which interrupts the scherzo and subsides into the finale, been performed with greater precision or more striking effect. The concerto—was the fifth and last of the pianoforte series—the one in E flat, which, among compositions of its class, stands alone and unapproachable. No symphony excels in grandeur and variety this truly marvellous inspiration. Mdlle. Marie Krebs played the pianoforte part with extraordinary spirit, point, and intelligence, combined with an execution no less brilliant than accurate. At the conclusion she was overwhelmed with applause, and afterwards unanimously called back to the orchestra. There was only one vocal piece—the plaintive air of Marcellina, from *Fidelio*, sung with genuine and unaffected expression by Mdlle. Liebhardt, who in almost every style of music seems to be more or less at home.

For Monday evening Mr. Mellon announces a "Selection" from Meyerbeer's last grand opera, the *Africaine*, arranged by himself.

NAPLES.—Signor Verdi, as reported, has not arrived at Naples to complete a new opera. He has gone to rusticate with Signor Fraschini at the elegant villa which that popular tenor has built at Pausilippe, and intends to remain there for two months.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

For the third season Mr. T. German Reed, resting from his labours as an "entertainer," has opened his room for the performance of "Opera di Camera," in which the only part he takes is that of general director.

This year his programme comprises two operas—*Widows Bewitched*, an entirely new work by Miss Virginia Gabriel, well known in musical circles as an accomplished amateur, and *Ching-chow-hi*, one of the many musical extravaganzas composed by M. Offenbach for the "Bouffes Parisiens." The basis to the libretto of the first of these works is a slight story belonging to the days of wigs, powder, and *Abbes galants*, such as may be found in the *Contes Moraux* of Marmontel. Two ladies of the Court of Louis XV., tired of the gaieties of Versailles, shut themselves up in a château near Fontainebleau, resolved to exclude all visitors of the male sex. However, a certain gallant chevalier, by assuming the dress of an abbé, is not only able to contrive that an exception shall be made in his favour, but also to introduce a friend, who, attired as a learned professor, feigns proficiency in every branch of knowledge. The principal of the two ladies, the Marquise de Montaubry, who is also mistress of the house, perceives the danger of the professor, when with impassioned gestures he teaches her to conjugate the Italian verb "amo," and to put him to a *non plus* requests him to instruct her in music and dancing. He executes the *menuet de la cour* in unexceptionable style, and joins in a duet, which, even more emphatically than the Italian verb, conveys a declaration of love. In the end the ladies acknowledge that they are defeated by their two visitors, and make up their minds to return to Versailles.

Although nothing could be more slight than this libretto, the character of the music is the reverse of trifling. Miss Gabriel is never commonplace in her melodies, but shows a power of dramatic colouring throughout, while a quartet in which the soprano sings a florid accompaniment to the principal subject is an elaborate piece of writing. A duet, in the style of modern opera, a song of an old-fashioned character by the soprano, a quaint merry air, sung as a quartet by the characters assembled at a table, are all pleasing and full of character, but the piece that makes most impression is the quartet already specified.

The musical farce, *Ching-chow-hi*, abounding as it does with the pleasantries of M. Offenbach, is not slightly aided by an exquisitely beautiful scene, representing a view in the Celestial Empire, and the gorgeous Chinese costumes worn by all the personages. Probably, the ludicrously absurd plot of the opera is already known to many of our readers. The chief maid of honour and the principal mandarin at the Court of a Chinese potentate discover that they are both French, and resolve to escape together. They are brought back prisoners to the Emperor, but he also proves to be a Gaul, and is in hourly danger of dethronement by his rebellious subjects, whom he has offended by his utter ignorance of their language. The rebels triumph, and their chief ascends the throne, but he mercifully lets the fallen monarch, the mandarin, and the maid of honour return safely to Europe, moved to clemency by the circumstance that he, the rebel chief, is a Frenchman too, the fourth of the party. The notion of four Frenchmen successfully passing themselves as Chinese, by talking a monosyllabic gibberish equally unmeaning to them all, is in itself comic to the highest degree, and its drollery is heightened by its dramatic treatment, and the mimic oddities with which it is endowed by the ever-fertile M. Offenbach.

Ching-chow-hi has been adapted to the English stage by Messrs. T. G. Reed and W. Brough. The latter, we may assume, took charge of the words, and he deserves high commendation for the skill with which he has written English verse to French music, and, transferring the personages from Gauls to Britons, has made the fun of the story appeal to London sympathies. As a master of metrical-writing, trained by a long course of burlesquing, Mr. W. Brough stands in advantageous contrast to the poet of Miss Gabriel's opera, whose songs are by no means devoid of graceful feeling, but who has yet to learn how to manage double-endings, how to avoid such rhymes as "wile" and "Versailles," "thought" and "Court," and how to shun such abstruseness as we find in the fifth and sixth lines of the following stanza:—

"This is my learned Friend;
"Delay not, I beseech you;
"With life alone shall end
"The lessons he shall teach you!
"You'll find your ear conducts
"This stream where it ne'er led one.
"A living book instructs
"Far better than a dead one!"

The execution of the two little operas by the vocalists, who for the most part sustain both, is creditable in the highest degree. Mr. J. A. Shaw, the baritone, though he neither looks like an *Abbé galant* in the first piece, nor talks like a Scotchman in the second, when he represents the Chinese Emperor, sings capitally, and has a fund of native humour. The merits of Mr. Whiffin, who is the professor in the first piece, the mandarin in the second, and of Mr. Wilkinson, who plays the rebel chief, are already well-known. Miss A. Thompson, who, though she

acted an important part in *Comus* at Drury-lane, may be considered as altogether new in a prominent position, is an artist of exceeding promise. She is well practised in florid passages, and acts with a degree of spirit, tempered by discrimination, which warrants the belief that she will take a very high rank as an acting vocalist. No parts could be more opposite then those of the courtly lady in the *Widows Bewitched* and the merry grisette in the Chinese farce; but the young actress is equally at home in both, and employs all the subtleties of facial expression in marking varieties of character and emotion.

The first opera is accompanied by a piano only, the second by a small band. However, the whole performance is admirably managed and three hours could hardly be more agreeably occupied than at Mr. T. G. Reed's "Opera di Camera."

OXFORD THEATRE ROYAL.

(Abridged from the *Oxford Times*, Aug. 12.)

If any doubts existed as to the capabilities of Mrs. Hooper to organise and conduct a dramatic corps, and to occupy the ground which was so ably filled for many years by her late lamented husband, those doubts must have been dispelled by the results of the past month. Tragedy, comedy, and farce have been produced under the most favorable circumstances; and, as these are to be succeeded by burlesque, it is evident that the company is strong and powerful in every department. *The Tichet-of-Leave Man*, which stamped the reputation of the company last season on the very opening night, has been reproduced with some few changes, Mr. Marshall supplying efficiently the place of Mr. Wood as Melter Moss. Miss Hudspeth, as Sam Willoughby, succeeded Miss Wood and was equally successful; while Miss Miller, as May Edwards, personated last season by Miss Eburne, was a gain throughout, her looks, manners, devotion, and gentleness being in strict conformity. Mr. Phelps appeared as Hawkshaw, the detective. Of Mr. Irving's Bob Brierley, Mr. Clifford Cooper's Jem Dalton, Mrs. Clifford Cooper's Mrs. Willoughby, and Miss Maud Haydon's Emily St. Evremont, it is unnecessary to say more than they fully maintained their high reputation. The part of Green Jones, sustained last season by Mr. Vandenhoff, was well and ably supported by Mr. Maskell. *Plot and Passion* has also been produced; the principal characters sustained by Mr. E. Phelps and Miss Florence Haydon in a manner which could not fail to secure its success. In the parts assigned to them, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Clifford Cooper equally left nothing to be desired. The chief feature of the week was *Othello*, performed on Monday evening, when Mr. Phelps as the Moor, and Miss Florence Haydon as Desdemona, carried the audience with them, delighting by their just conception and their enunciation of the text. When we add that Mr. H. Irving appeared as Iago, Mr. Clifford Cooper as Cassio, and Mrs. Clifford Cooper as Emilia, some idea may be formed of the way in which the piece was cast. Mr. Marshall as Brabantio, Mr. Maskell as Roderigo, and Mr. Arnott as Lodovico, contributed their share to the success of the tragedy, which drew a crowded house. At the close there was a general call for all the performers. *The Fool's Revenge* was played here for the first time on Thursday, and afforded Mr. Phelps and Miss Florence Haydon another opportunity of displaying their versatile talents. The piece was placed on the stage in the most effective manner, the dresses, &c., being in every way worthy of it. All the characters even to the subordinates were admirably sustained. The farces *Turn Him Out*, *Wilful Murder*, *Sarah's Young Man*, and *The Widow's Victim*, have served to keep the audiences in the best possible humour. The entertainments, in short, are of the most attractive kind, and will no doubt continue to draw crowded houses. The manageress spares no expense in providing novelty and variety in every department, and thus gives the best proof that she is eminently qualified to cater for public amusement. The dancing by the Misses Taylor retains its attraction, and is nightly encored.

TWO ANECDOTES OF ROSSINI.

Biographers of Shakespeare are always lamenting the paucity of materials at their disposal. Whoever, in future ages, wishes to write a life of Rossini will have no reason for similar regret. If ever there was a man whose life was known in its smallest details, that man is Rossini. Thousands of pens and hundreds of presses inform us of everything he does or says, and, also, there is reason to believe, of a great deal he does not do, and a great deal he does not say. The latest addition to our stock of anecdotes recorded of him are the two following, which appeared in a recent number of the *Brussels Guide Musicale*.

On the day, or rather the night, of the first performance of *Guillaume Tell*, "words by MM. de Jouy and Hippolyte Bis, music by Rossini," the latter invited a large number of friends to a splendid supper at his house. The wax tapers, reflected in the glass which decorated the table, and which multiplied their phosphorescent rays to infinity, were less brilliant than the jokes, the

witticisms, and the sallies uttered by the guests of the illustrious *maestro*. As the reader may imagine, among those present, and more beaming than all of them, was M. Jouy, enjoying commendations and viands like a mortal accustomed to be made much of, and feeling that he deserved it.

Suddenly, in the midst of the supper, just as the visitors' appetites were beginning to diminish, the light of the tapers grew pale under the influence of other lights, which inundated the room with their red, fierce glare. What could it be? The members of the Orchestra of the Grand Opera, who had come, attended by torch-bearers, to perform under Rossini's windows, the overture of his last masterpiece. A crowd was soon collected by the extempore concert. The people frantically clapped their hands, stamped their feet with enthusiasm, and, on the conclusion of the composition, hollered: "Bis," the equivalent of our English expression "Encore," loud enough to deafen anyone. M. de Jouy, who at the moment was helping himself to the wing of a pheasant, raised his head on hearing the exclamations of the crowd; he stretched out his neck, anxious to catch his own name mingled with that of his fellow author. Meanwhile, the crowd continued to vociferate "Bis, bis, bis." M. de Jouy drew himself up to his full height, and, sacrificing his pheasant's wing to friendship, rushed towards the window. It was in vain that his friends, who understood nothing of the motives of his action, endeavoured to detain him. His devotion was stronger than his coat-tail, which remained in the hand of a friend rather too strongly attached to him. With one hand upon the handle of the window, he observed:

"No, no! let me go! I am bound to serve my friend and colleague to the best of my ability, just as he would be bound to do for me, were I not here!" The crowd hollered more loudly than ever "Bis, bis, bis!" M. de Jouy opened the window, and, in a grave voice, slightly affected by emotion, thus addressed the assembled multitude:

"Gentlemen, my honourable colleague, M. Hippolyte Bis, being confined to his bed by a severe attack of illness, has not been able to make one of us, but believe me that he would be most profoundly flattered by the kind manner in which you have received his name. He will, I feel sure, regret, all his life, his inability to be present at this popular ovation. Permit me, gentlemen, to be his interpreter with you, and to express all his gratitude."

M. de Jouy then retired from the window, and the orchestra recommenced the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, amid fresh cheering on the part of the public, the cheering being all the more enthusiastic, because the crowd had understood neither the object nor the sense of M. de Jouy's speech.

Such is anecdote No. 1. Anecdote No. 2 is as follows:—

Some short time since, Rossini was dining at M. de San P——'s country-house. The company was numerous, and included a great many Italians, which is tantamount to saying that music formed the subject of conversation. A lady, young and handsome, who was among the guests, requested the *maestro* to play something of his not yet published. How can one refuse a lady? It is difficult to do so, but Rossini begged to be excused.

"I very much regret, madam," he said, "not being able to do as you desire, but I have not brought my book of music."

"Oh, that need not prove an obstacle," remarked one of his friends, "I am obliged to go back to Paris, and, if you will permit me, I will call for it, at your house. I shall soon be back."

"Very well, I am willing, *caro mio*," answered the *maestro*, "but you must promise not to touch anything except the manuscript I indicate."

"I promise I will not."

"Well, upon my bureau, by the side of a roll of blue paper, you will find the book containing my canzonettes. But recollect, *caro mio*, do not touch the blue roll." With these words, Rossini handed his friend the key.

Scarcely had *caro mio* entered the composer's room, than despite, or perhaps precisely on account of, his promise, he seized the blue roll. After a few moments' hesitation, he opened it and read on the first page, "*Helène*, grand opera in five acts. Words by M. de San P——, music by G. Rossini; to be performed ten years after my death."

Supposing the last anecdote to be true, and, it may, perhaps, be so—for is not life itself a "*grand peut-être*?"—we should very much like to be introduced to *caro mio*, in order that we might keep a sharp look out on our pockets, in case he ever again got into respectable society, and sat next to us at dinner.

Schloss-Esel—Berlin.

A. LONGEARS.

THE VOCAL FESTIVAL AT DRESDEN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Dresden, Aug. 7th.

Aye, look at the postmark well—there is no mistake about it: "Dresden" as plain as a pike-staff, or as Lord North's wife is said to have been. "VALE'S" handwriting—what can Master VALE be doing at Dresden!" Puzzle your brains no more, respected Editor, but listen. I have been stopping some time on a visit to a friend in Hanover. That friend proposed our going and "assisting" at the late Grand "Sängerfest" in Dresden. On considering his proposal, it struck me I might as well go to Hanover as anywhere else, seeing that pleasure was, for the moment, the only compass I steered by. I had heard, too, an immense deal of the wonderful things that were to be seen and heard at the Sängerfest aforesaid. Well, to Dresden I repaired and obtained another proof of an opinion I have long entertained, and, also, at divers periods, expressed in the columns of the MUSICAL WORLD, that the old saying: "*Tutti gli uomini più a dir che ad oprar son pronti*," applies with especial force to our friends the Germans, who are exceedingly fond of impressing upon everyone the great importance of what they are going to do, and then not doing it. In fact, they are thorough braggarts; regular *fanfarons*; not, however, in the gay brisk way of the Gascon or the Milesian, but in a style peculiar to themselves; their braggadocio is so quiet, so philosophic, so deliberate, and so stolid that most people are thrown off their guard, and seldom detect the imposition. However, there is a limit to all things, and this the flaxen-haired sons of Fatherland have overstept. A man of anything like a respectable position in society—nay, I will even say an author—may be certain that his acquaintances and friends will never suspect his own shirt-studs, or his wife's ear-rings, of being Paris diamonds instead of genuine stones, provided he does not add for himself a ring, and for his wife a necklace, which, if real, would be worth more than his whole income for two or three years. There is great talent in knowing when to stop. By the way, I make a present of this apothegm to bank directors, *et hoc genus omne*. The principle of the shirt-studs and the ear-rings is one of which the Germans have lost sight, or perhaps they were never acquainted with it. At any rate they have not been guided by it. They have, of late, been so grandiloquent, so boastful, so overbearing, that other nations have become suspicious; other nations have tested all their verbal jewelry and found it paste. The German confederation may be compared to a bundle of sticks that was bound together by a withy, which withy was burnt by the fire of the German cannon at Düppel. The consequence is that the various separate states in this very loving and united Fatherland now hate each other with an intensity which would be calculated to occasion grave apprehension, did not our knowledge of the Teutonic character enable us to prognosticate with absolute certainty that their hatred will on this, as on every previous occasion, end, as it began, in "Words! words! words!", to adopt Hamlet's reply to his stepfather's somewhat gurgulous Lord High Chamberlain. "But what on earth," you will probably exclaim, "has all this rigmarole to do with the Sängerfest at Dresden? I wish Master VALE would confine himself to musical affairs, and not mix up with them a heap of extraneous matter, in no wise connected with them, etc., etc." To this I rejoin, respectfully, but firmly: "Softly, honored Editor; you do not know what you are saying, or you would not say it, for you have an aversion to nonsense."—I fancy that my meaning is sufficiently clear, though politely veiled.—I am *not* mixing up extraneous matter with my subject, for just as Germans flavor nearly every thing in the shape of sweetmeats with vanilla, putting the latter even in tea, so they always give a dash, a taste, of their political aspirations to every thing they do.

"Aimez-vous la muscade? On en a mis partout!" writes Boileau. Are you fond of maudlin patriotism? You will find it permeates a German's existence from the cradle to the grave. Such being the state of the case, of course it was impossible that politics should not play a part in the late Sängerfest. Indeed, I have been informed that the real object of those, or some of those, who got it up, was to draw more closely the bonds uniting the German people to each other, and contribute to bring about that most Utopian of all Utopian absurdities, German unity. That

this was a very popular notion among most persons present was evidenced by all they said and did. I heard a great deal of Schleswig-Holstein and the law of nationalities; I listened to vehement denunciations of Prussia; and I beheld the German national colors, that have *not*

"Braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,"

and that is about all I did do, for the musical portion of the festival was—was—well, I think I am quite justified in calling it, a failure. A number of patriotic songs had been duly written and set to music for the occasion, and from them, executed by sixteen thousand singers, the public expected great things. But the public were doomed to be dismally disappointed. In the first place, instead of sixteen there were not more than four thousand singers, and these behaved in anything but a manner indicative of reverence for art. They attended the rehearsal it is true, but they did not all attend the performance, sending substitutes. But if the first day was not brilliant, what shall I say to the second! You must know that there had been a grand, a tremendous, procession—Germans cannot get on without a procession in some form or other, with torches or without. I wonder they do not organise excursions to go over and see the Lord Mayor's Show every month of November. It is just the thing that would please them; massive, ponderous, stupid, and gaudy. The procession of the Sängerfest included "Festival Marshals" (whatever their offices may be) on horseback; cavalry bands; idiotic mounted cavaliers as a guard of honor to national standards that no one intended to attack; equally idiotic "Turners" on foot, as a guard of honor to something else, or somebody, equally free from assault; the amateur-sharpshooters; and the members of the various vocal "Vereine," which you may render "Unions," or "Associations," as you choose. As for the number of flags that were carried along, their name was legion. Now this procession so taxed the physical capabilities of the "Sängerbruder," or "Vocal Brothers" that they were quite knocked up, and, for the purpose of restoring exhausted nature, were absolutely obliged to imbibe considerable quantities of liquid stimulants, some of a highly alcoholic description, before they could hope to sing again. In a certain number of cases, the stimulants thus (medicinally) taken, had a good effect, but in many others they did not, I am sorry to say, improve either the singers' style, or the quality of their voices. Altogether, as a musical event, the Sängerfest was a wretched failure, and the less said about it the better. As a festive gathering it was well enough, except for the frothy brummagem patriotism I so much detest. The Dresdeners were most hospitable to their visitors, entertaining them free of cost. In fact, the entire city may be said to have kept open house for all comers; merriment and jollity, feasting and junketing, with nothing to pay, being the order of the day. To sum up my opinion in a few words, I beg to suggest that it would have been much more satisfactory had those in authority applied to the Sängerfest the celebrated principle once employed in the case of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, as this: "On the 23rd, 24th, and 25th July, the Grand Dresden Vocal Festival. The Vocal Festival omitted by particular desire of

VALE.

BOULOGNE SUR MER.—The last grand concert given by the Philharmonic Society was an event in the musical season. The audience was one of the most numerous and brilliant ever congregated together in Boulogne. MM. Servais and Léonard are, as everybody knows, thorough artists, and Mlle. Gayard proved herself to be a pianiste of the first rank. But what shall we say of Mlle. Carlotta Patti? What an extraordinary voice! what an extensive register! what a method! what brilliancy, power, and penetrating quality in the highest notes! Expressions are wanting to give an idea of the effect she produces by her voice, which in reality can be compared to the voice of no other living artist, and is entirely original and *sui generis*. Carlotta Patti stands alone! The pieces she sang excited the highest enthusiasm. The cavatina from *Linda*; the grand air from *Dinorah*; and Benedict's famous "Carnaval de Venise," were not sufficient to satisfy the audience, who made the *dica* repeat them again. In a word, Mlle. Carlotta Patti completely electrified her hearers by her unparalleled organ.—(*La Colonne*.)

Mlle. CARLOTTA PATTI commences her engagement with Mr. Alfred Mellon on Monday week.

L'HISTOIRE de PALMERIN d'OLIVE filz du Roy
FLORENDO de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by JEAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

TO MUSICAL LECTURERS AND PROFESSORS.

MR. JOSEPH GODDARD has the copyright of a few original **MUSICAL LECTURES** to dispose of.—136, St. Paul's Road, Camden-square, N.W.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT,"

A NEW WORK

By **JOSEPH GODDARD.**

(SHORT ABSTRACT OF CONTENTS.)

- CHAP. I.—The essential relation between the two main characters of sentiment (instinctive and mental), and the two main sections of musical effect (melodic and rhythmic).
CHAP. II.—The exigency in expression which mental sentiment involves, is met in the structural plan of the modern classical instrumental works.
CHAP. III.—A comparative analysis of the spirit of the instrumental music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn.
CHAP. IV.—The intellectual rank of musical art.
CHAP. V.—Dramatic music: the principles on which the literary and musical plan of Opera should be based.
CHAP. VI.—The principles on which the literary and musical plan of Oratorio, or Grand Cantata, should be based.
CHAP. VII.—The influence of mental progress upon music.

The author begs to state that the above work has absorbed the greater part of his time and thought for five years, and that it is a painstaking endeavour to elucidate the general nature, scope, and position of the musical art. It is unnecessary to say, such labor as is here involved is not that in connection with music calculated to prove remunerative. The work in question, however, being calculated to benefit musicians, as tending to elevate their art in general estimation, so far as mental analysis can do so, the author can conscientiously appeal to them for the means of ensuring sale publication.

The promise of one hundred musicians to purchase a copy when the work is ready would constitute this means; and as this is all that is necessary for the immediate production of the book, the author urgently solicits all who feel willing to support it, not to delay communicating with him to that effect.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GERARD.—We shall always be happy to hear from our correspondent. F. and A. (organ.)—HULL.—The article arrived too late for this number, but will be inserted next week.

NYM.—No.

HIC HEC.—Hock.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—According to the correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, writing under the date of the 29th July, the the Austrian capital is something fearful and calculated to reduce

even Carribee Indians to despair. Despite the heat, however, the operatic artists engaged for short periods, and on trial, at the Operahouse are singing away "like mad," to adopt an expression more emphatic than elegant. The public, on the other hand, welcome with an amount of apathy for which they may justly be pardoned, the more or less valuable efforts of the artists, and do not exert themselves in the slightest degree to express externally their applause or disapprobation. A young lady of the name of Klotz very wisely gave up a "Gastspiel," which anyone could see with half an eye would not end in a permanent engagement, but Meddles. Terey and Tipka appear to be callous to the heat of the weather and the coldness of the public, since they go on "gastspieling" it as hard as they possibly can. By the way, with regard to Madlle. Terey, her appearance in the second opera she selected, namely *Rigoletto*, occasioned a split among the audience and roused them up a bit; some were greatly pleased with the mode in which the lady gave the part of Gilda, but the older *habitués* would not hear of her at any price, under the pretext that she has not "school" enough. The battle between the two parties will probably be decided by her third character. Madlle. Tipka is situated in a somewhat similar position; whether or not she becomes a regular member of the company is still enveloped in doubt. Very different is the case of Madlle. Ilma de Murska. But then Madlle. Ilma de Murska is somewhat superior to the generality of young ladies on the operatic boards, and had already become a great favorite here. On her very first appearance, this season, it absolutely rained flowers. It would be somewhat difficult to find anyone who could give Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, both as regards acting and singing, more beautifully than this golden-haired siren, who plainly showed the Viennese from the very first that she is made of the kind of stuff out of which a *prima donna del primo cartello* is manufactured. Of a truth, Madlle. Ilma di Murska is destined to do great things. Dr. Gunz has been singing very successfully in *Guillaume Tell* and *Martha*; he has confirmed the favorable impression created by him in *La Dame Blanche*. However, it is not yet settled that he is to be permanently engaged. So much in the way of operatic news for the present.

A very agreeable fête champêtre was given in the Prater, on the 27th July. The giver was Herr Eduard Hügel, editor of the *Vorstadtzeitung*; the reason of the fête, the expiration of the term, namely three months, during which, for some reason or another, his paper had been suspended by the authorities. Among Herr Hügel's guests were the boys and girls of the City Orphan Asylum. These, to the number of one hundred and sixty, one hundred boys, and sixty girls, sang, under the direction of their music-master, some choruses for mixed voices with admirable effect.

The Theater an der Wien opened on the 1st inst, not with *Peau d'Ane*, as has been announced, but with *Die Schuld einer Frau*, which is the German title of the celebrated *Supplice d'une Femme*, by MM. Girardin and Dumas, junior. The piece bids fair to become popular here.—The examination of the students at the Vocal school of the Conservatory attracted a numerous and brilliant audience. The fair *élèves* of Madame Passy-Cornet particularly distinguished themselves, and did great credit to their talented Professors. It appears, by the way, that what the German writer designates "Kleine Kriege," "little wars," or in plain English "precious rows," still go on inside the establishment, and that, but for the fact of Herr Hellmesberger, the director, being a most good-natured and amiable man, willing and able to pour oil upon the troubled waters, the aforesaid "little wars" might ere this have fairly been classed in the category of the "big" ones, to which Othello makes allusion.

J. V. B.

—o—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The public know very little of the difficulties an operatic composer in England has to deal with. When a composer is about to write an opera, the first thing he has to do is to provide himself with a libretto, or, as he himself calls it, "a book." As "the house," in political language, signifies the House of Commons, and in the language of the poor the "Workhouse," so to the composer the idea immediately suggested by the word "book," is that of a poem, more or less poetical, in the dramatic form, and arranged so as to present suitable verbal scaffolding on which to construct airs, duets, trios, and other concerted pieces. For an untried composer to get "a book" is not an easy matter. If he has money enough to buy one on his own account it is a different thing; but, as a rule, the untried composer is not rich; and, unless the operatic "bookmaker" writes merely to pass the time, it is unlikely that he will wait to be paid for his laborious word-breaking until that distant and problematic period when his musical colleague may, by some fortunate accident, have a chance of making his work known to the public. It is no use applying to managers for a "book." It will be time enough to speak to them when the opera—words and music together—is entirely finished, ready for representation, and in the hands of a good music-publisher. Music publishers, on their part, are not inclined to risk one or two hundred pounds in enabling an unknown composer to make a hazardous experiment, while, even if the unknown composer's work be offered to them in all respects complete, they must still be sure, before they incur the heavy expense of engraving it, that it has a good chance of being represented. Such, between the music-publisher and the manager, is the dilemma in which an unknown composer who can afford to buy a book finds himself when he has bought it and set it to music. Without his book he cannot move a step. He is in the position of a sculptor without marble. When he has advanced to the position of a sculptor who has finished his statue, then there is no exhibition open to him.

But let us take the more ordinary case of a composer who is already favourably known either by his operatic works or by his productions for the concert-room. The task of procuring the libretto usually falls upon the music-publisher, who arranges the commercial part of the business with the author, who comes to an understanding as to the subject and mode of treatment with the composer; and it is not until the publisher has paid, or engaged to pay, from £100 to £200 for the libretto, and from £600 to £1200 for the music, that the manager is asked to decide whether or not he will put the opera on the stage. The manager has then, to be sure, several hundred pounds to spend on scenery and decorations, but the music-publisher has often quite as much to lay out on the engraving of the work, and, on the whole, it may be said that, next to the composers, it is the music-publishers who have to be thanked that English operas are ever heard at all. It must be remembered that our enterprising English managers, as an almost invariable rule, pay exactly nothing for the right of representing an opera. The manager of an ordinary theatre will give from fifty to one hundred pounds an act for dramas and comedies; but for an opera, even though it draw large audiences for a hundred nights in succession, not a farthing is paid by the theatre to either author or composer.

COVENTRY FISH.

[Mr. Balfe, Mr. Wallace, &c. can tell a different story.—D. PETERS.]

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Perhaps it would be a good plan to adopt the Italian language generally as the language of music. Even now the study of Italian is an essential part of a singer's education; while,

as regards the public, most frequenters of the Opera have picked up at least enough Italian to be able to follow an Italian singer, which, in the case of an English singer singing English, is often by no means an easy matter. Every really successful opera, in whatever language it may have originally been written, finds its way, sooner or later, into Italian; and it might save trouble to have all librettos written in the first instance, and as a matter of course, in the true musical language of Europe—just as, formerly, all learned works were written in the Latin tongue. This, to be sure, would throw the whole of the libretto trade into the hands of Italian poetasters; but the preparation of opera-books is not, in England at least, a branch of manufacture which deserves to be specially protected.

OTTO BEARD.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The prospectus of the general arrangements for the approaching Gloucester Festival has been issued. The 142nd meeting of the Three Choirs will be held at Gloucester, on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th of September. The President is the Duke of Beaufort; the Lords Lieutenant of the three counties and the Bishops of the dioceses being Vice-Presidents. Eighty-one gentlemen have accepted the responsibility of Stewards for the guarantee fund. Dr. S. S. Wesley, who has succeeded the late Mr. Amott as organist of the Cathedral, now also fills his place as conductor of the Festival.

The solo singers engaged by Dr. Wesley are Mdlle. Titieni, Mad. Rudersdorff, Misses Louisa Pyne, Julia Elton, and E. Wilkinson, Herr Gunz, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, Santley, and Lewis Thomas, together with others of less note.

The band—comprising 33 fiddles, 8 violas, 8 violoncellos, 7 double-basses, with the usual complement of "wood, brass, and percussion,"—includes, in round numbers, 74 performers. The chorus, from all parts, must speak hereafter for itself, its numerical force not being stated in the programme. Mr. Townshend Smith, of Hereford, will, as always, preside at the organ, Mr. Done, of Worcester, as accompanist at the pianoforte.* The solo pianist is Madame Arabella Goddard, who is to play in Beethoven's Choral Fantasia and Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor.

On the first day (Tuesday) there is to be cathedral service, with service-music and anthem by Dr. Wesley. On each of the succeeding days there will be early morning service;—on Wednesday, Dr. Wesley in F; on Thursday, Mendelssohn in E; on Friday, chant-service and anthem by Dr. Wesley. The united choirs are to assist at morning service.

On Tuesday, after service, the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, and the whole of Spohr's *Last Judgment* will be given.† On Wednesday Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* will be followed by Mozart's *Requiem*; a selection from Herr Schachner's *Israel's Return from Babylon*; ditto from the *Mount of Olives* (Beethoven); a song and a chorus by Handel, and a duet by Spohr.‡

On Thursday Mendelssohn's *Elijah* occupies the morning exclusively.§ On Friday the same privilege is accorded to Handel's *Messiah*.||

The programmes for the evening concerts are long without precedent and serious without precedent—hardly in short suited to the double-gloucesterian taste. At the second, for example, there

* The *élite* of the Counties would have liked a solo. D. PETERS.

† I should have preferred the whole of *St. Paul*, and none of *The Last Judgment*. D. PETERS.

‡ I should have been satisfied with the *Lobgesang* and *Requiem*. D. PETERS.

§ "Thanks be to God!"—D. PETERS.

|| "Hallelujah!"—D. PETERS.

is a lengthy selection from *The Seasons*, a pianoforte concerto (entire), Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* (entire), and twelve other pieces, including the overture to Spohr's *Jessonda*.* The other programmes must hereafter speak for themselves.

The greatest possible dissatisfaction has been expressed by the best friends of the festival at the non-appearance in the prospectus of the long-honored and worthily distinguished names of Sims Reeves and Sainton-Dolby. A Festival of the Three Choirs without them would, a year ago, have been looked upon as an impossibility. If Dr. Wesley can upset this theory, and make "possibility" stand for "impossibility," he will have to thank Mr. Secretary Brown. It is a bold, and, most people think, a dangerous step, on the part of a new conductor, to begin by dispensing with the services of such eminently gifted public favorites.—favorites who have long been the most solid supports and the most unflinching attractions of the festival.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, SIMON HALF.
New Moon Street, Aug. 18.

OPERATIC MONOPOLY.—The *Saturday Review*, referring to the projected combination of the two opera houses under one management, says that nothing can be imagined more disastrous to art, more detrimental to artists, more threatening to the interests of the public, than such a monopoly as appears to have been contemplated. So far as her Majesty's Theatre is concerned, there seems little chance of its participating in any scheme of the kind. If it is true, as we are informed, that the actual lessee holds a lease for twenty-one years, the conditions of which it depends solely upon himself to fulfil, there need be no apprehension. Mr. Mapleson, in terms not less precise than simple, declares the intention of remaining at his post, and it is to be hoped may adhere to his resolve. We, in common with all lovers of Italian opera, wish well both to the Covent Garden and Haymarket houses, and should be just as sorry to see either give way as to see both united under one irresponsible directorate—company or no company. Happily, under the circumstances, the idea can only be regarded as Utopian. Half a million of money is, we have heard, the capital proposed; but let us subtract a quarter of a million, and the chance of a sufficient number of shareholders being found to make up so considerable portion of the £250,000 as to set the speculation firmly on its legs, is still very small. Those genuine amateurs who know how the public is benefited by a spirited competition, and who wish to hear as many Pattis and Murskas as can be discovered, would be the last to lend their aid and countenance to any such transaction.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

SIGNOR SCHIRA leaves London on Monday, for Milan.

BRIEF BRIEFS.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—I, in common with other inquiring persons, am obliged to "C. C." of the "Garrick Club," for his information, some time since, about the *caratina* from *I Viaggiatori Felici*, but should have felt still more deeply indebted had he told us why a *caratina* forming part of an Italian opera was published to French words ("Votre cœur aimable"). By "Mr. Kelly," it may be presumed, "C. C." intends Michael Kelly, whom Sheridan immortalised as "composer of wines and importer of music." The said Michael, nevertheless, can hardly be accepted as an authority, pupil as he was of Mozart himself, and despite his not altogether unamusing *Reminiscences*. His shop, like some modern shops, was a regular huxter's store, at which all sorts of wares might be procured, in all sorts of shapes, to meet all sorts of demands. In fact, to speak with deference, Michael Kelly, for whom Mozart wrote the congenial part of Basilio (*Figaro*), was a bit of a humbug. Under these circumstances I was never quite persuaded that "Votre cœur aimable" was a *bonâ fide* "Anfossi," even though it may have been adapted from *I Viaggiatori Felici*.

Not that the question was worth inquiring into; for, to say the truth, the so-called *caratina* is of little worth; and the genera-

* Oh gemini!—D. PETERS.

estimation in which Anfossi's music has been held by musical judges may be gathered not alone from the ironically-disguised contempt of Mozart, but from the testimony of those who, like M. Fétis and others, have busied themselves with the history of music and the biography of musicians, and by the very few specimens that even music-worms are now able to collect. "C. C." further informed the musical world, just excited by a controversy about *Il Curioso Discreto* and Mozart's share in it, that "two books of an opera called *Issipile*, comprising the overture and seven airs, are still to be met with." You may find them possibly in the British Museum, and, by rare chance, in the libraries of certain *laudatores temporis acti*. But surely this does not make out a case. Anfossi wrote many more operas than the "46" the names of which have "come down to us," and among which M. Fétis, &c. include *Issipile*, (or rather *Issifile*)—to say nothing of a quantity of music in other styles wholly apart from the operatic; but whatever was published during his lifetime, not to speak of unpublished MSS., must now be laboriously sought after in the archives of Italian towns, or in the collections of musical bibliomaniacs.

Had I the permission and the leisure to examine the contents of the musical library in the British Museum—always supposing the catalogue to be in such a condition of systematic order as to render exploration a feat less difficult than generally reputed—I might probably be able to add to "C. C.'s" French version of an Italian *caratina*, and his "two books" of the opera called *Issipile*, (or *Issifile*), divers other pieces, equally unknown, in the present day, to at least 999 amateurs out of 1,000. But would that render the music of Anfossi, spoken of collectively—even including a few isolated airs that may still be procured, after a good deal of ferreting among forgotten rubbish, at one or two of our music publishing establishments—less obsolete than it actually is? I imagine not. One thing is pretty certain—that neither Mr. Gye nor Mr. Mapleson at our Italian Operas, neither Dr. Wyld nor Mr. Arthur Chappell at St. James's Hall—after the fruitless discussion, of which "O. B." a correspondent of *The Times*, reported the son of a poet, of more or less obscurity, was the voluntary and fortunate cause, to the manifest detriment of its columns—will be ever likely to disinter one of the works of Pascal Anfossi, who was three years in London without doing anything particularly to distinguish himself. Ask Mr. George Grove, C. P., or Mr. J. V. Bridgeman.

Shouts Common—Aug. 17.

T. DUFF SHORT.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

M. Bagier has got his conductor for the Italiens, I perceive—not Signor Arditi, as many supposed and many more will be likely to regret—but the *chef d'orchestre* from the Italian opera at Madrid. Of this gentleman I cannot give you the correct appellation. Some of the journals here designate him Scoz-Cdopole—a name that "wants nothing but pronunciation"—but the *Gazette Musicale*, as good an authority as any in Paris, says he is called Sax de Poll, and that he is a German. *Punch*, in his most witless mood, might enquire, "How can a German be a Pole?" I think it may be reasonably inferred that as there is so little agreement about his name, his reputation can hardly be European. M. Bagier, however, gets him cheap, and that is a great matter, seeing that he has no subvention and has already lost heaps of money. Italian Opera is an expensive hobby to play with. To attempt to take the gilding off of it is a grave mistake. M. Bagier may have heard the old story of the frugal husbandman and experimental philosopher who tried to train a horse to live on a straw a day, and failed from the obstinacy of the quadruped, who departed this life at the very moment when success seemed inevitable. The principle of annual reduction now being practised at the Salle Ventadour may fail under the same circumstances. The straw-a-day mode of treatment will never answer for the most costly of all musical entertainments. Mr. Gye, at all events, can bear witness that the *prestige* of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, is in the main owing to the lavish expenditure employed in every department of the administration. M. Bagier's company next season will be weaker than ever. There is scarcely a strong name in it but that of Adelina Patti, which is indeed a tower in itself; but a tower is only part of a building, and Italian Opera is a feudal castle which should have many towers to endow it with strength and beauty. To the list of engagements

at the Italian Opera already furnished may be added the names of Mdle. Vitali, who was favourably noticed last season as Comare in *Crispino e la Comare*; Mdle. Clara Brigni, who made a successful début last year at the Italian Opera of Madrid; and Signor Graziani, who will join the *troupe* at the end of the St. Petersburg season in the ensuing spring.

Auber has had a ray of glory shot upon him all the way from Mexico. Through the hands of an official of the Mexican Ambassador at Paris, he has been presented with the Order of Grand Officer of "Notre Dame de Guadalupe." A letter from General Almonte and another from his Excellency M. Hidalgo, written in the most flattering terms, accompanied the decoration. The Mexican Minister assured the renowned composer that his Imperial master was desirous to present, on his birth-day (July 6), a token of his sympathy and admiration to one of the greatest musical geniuses that adorned France. So should all imperial masters behave to illustrious masters, even though seas and kingdoms and races and tongues and station divide them. Nevertheless, I verily believe the Parisians do not feel complimented by this mark of honour paid to the greatest musical genius their country has produced. But stay—my information, borrowed from the musical journals, is of the scantiest nature, and is nothing more than a part of the whole. True, Auber has been made a Grand Officer of the Order of Guadalupe, and has been expressly written to and highly complimented. The composer of the *Domino Noir*, however, does not stand alone in his glorification. Others have been honoured by the Emperor Maximilian with decorations belonging to the same Order, and a few even in a higher degree, as Rossini, and the Senators Michel Chevalier, Dumas, Leverrier, Elie de Beaumont and Ingres, all of whom have been presented with the Order of "the Grand Cross," the highest dignity to be conferred in the name of "Notre Dame de Guadalupe." As "Grand Officers," with Auber, are appointed the Senators Mérimée and De Sauley, MM. Andral, Regnault, and Velpéau, members of the Institute, and M. Play, State Councillor. Several have been made "Commanders," among whom M. Gounod; some, plain "Officers;" and others, plainer "Chevaliers." His Mexican Majesty could not employ a better mode of making himself popular in Paris and conciliating universal France—if that may be of any use to him in the future—but I never meddle in politics, and indeed have no understanding for them, or it.

There is always something to be said about the Abbé Virtuoso Liszt. It is now given out that the Celebrated ecclesiastical pianist will receive the title of "Monsignor," at the next Consistory at Rome, to be held in September. This is the first step to the triple Crown; and who knows but that in the end the keys of the piano will have to be exchanged for the keys of St. Peter. Viva! Papa Liszt! May I live to see your Holiness's great toe kissed by all the potentates of the keyboard in Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

The interior of the Bouffes-Parisiens is being renovated and newly decorated. Rumour declares that when completed it will be one of the most elegant and commodious theatres in the metropolis. It may be so; but I always have my suspicions of Rumour, who is an excitable young lady addicted to hyperbole and seldom well informed. The Bouffes-Parisiens is announced to reopen on the 5th or 15th (or some other day) of September, with a one act piece entitled *Dix Innocentes*, words by M. de Najac, music by M. Albert Grisar, to which will be added another one act piece, called *La Boite à Surprises*, poetry by MM. Deforges and Laurencin, and music by M. Louis Deffes. The new management has secured the services of Mdles. Zulma Buffar, Tautin, Marie Lacroix and Jeanne Duclos, MM. Berthelier and Gourdon.

Paris, August 9.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

ROCHESTER.—(From a correspondent.)—Mr. Sloman, formerly a favorite and respected manager on this circuit, gave two musical entertainments in the theatre here, on the evenings of Monday and Tuesday, 7th and 8th, assisted by his daughters Elizabeth and Annie. Mr. Sloman is a *buffo* vocalist of no mean pretensions, while the Misses Sloman preside alternately at the harp, piano and organ. Miss E. Sloman, in addition to her powers as a harpist, possesses a sweet soprano voice and sings original American ballads very effectively. We may especially mention one, entitled "Rock me to sleep," which is certain to become popular, and to the "catching" melody of which the pure and unaffected style of the singer adds a special charm. On the evening I was present the sisters also gave Arditi's duet, "Trema a vil," and were vociferously encored. Altogether the Misses Sloman are likely to prove decided acquisitions to the musical world.

Muttoniana.

Dr. Silent (for the last time he implores the powers that be) undertakes, &c., &c.

Mr. Luke Trouble is requested for "phœnicapter" to read phœnicapter. Mr. Ap'Mutton does not eat phœnicapters for breakfast. He never indeed, to the knowledge of Dr. Silent, ever tasted a phœnicapter. Dr. Silent himself corrected the misprint in "slip." Nevertheless it again slipped in.

Dr. Silent has received the following from Mr. Shorthorns Ap'Mutton, nephew of the distinguished chief of the Muttonians:—

EISTEDDFOD AT FLINT.

Last night's concert was an immense success, for not only was the monster pavilion densely crowded, but hundreds, probably thousands, were unable to gain admission, though many had travelled miles in every variety of nondescript vehicle, for the express purpose of hearing Sims Reeves, who has excited a perfect *furor* of enthusiasm amongst the honest Welshmen. As on the previous evening, the pavilion was lighted with candles and paraffin lamps, and it was somewhat of a novelty to see the great "prince of tenors" singing in a canvas tent, and holding in his hand a "sweltering" tix candle, the effect being considerably heightened when, responding to an encore in the popular national ballad of "The Maid of Llangollen," he stood between two volunteer "candle-bearers!"

There was a very numerous attendance at the Eisteddfod meeting this morning, the proceedings of which commenced with an address to the president. Mr. P. Ellis Eyton, of Cornist, who in reply urged that the original object of the Eisteddfod was the education, not merely of the people, but the educators of the people. When reading, writing, and printing were unknown, traditions were carried from generation to generation, and history was recorded in the songs of bards and music of minstrels. Then wandering minstrels went from house to house, supported by the people, to whom they recited tales of war, of courage, and of love. It was said that people then set up as bards who had no poetry in their soul, or as musicians without knowing a note of music, and the Eisteddfod was therefore instituted for the purpose of conferring degrees upon such bards and minstrels as might be found worthy, and of preventing the adoption of that profession by any but qualified persons. After the Saxon conquest they heard little of the Eisteddfod for some time, and in the reign of Elizabeth a royal commission was issued by which many of the chief inhabitants of the principality were commanded to hold an Eisteddfod and Congress of bards and minstrels at Caerwys, and to confer degrees. The Saxon invaders had left them the institution of the Eisteddfod, and the great Saxon invaders of the present day were the ladies who graced the assembly with their presence. It was remarkable that since the reign of Edward I., who built Flint Castle, Wales, although having physically no line of separation from England, maintained its nationality. They still preserve their lays and language; the people still worshipped God in the speech of their fathers, and Welsh music was revered as much as in the time of Chadwallader. He was opposed to any attempt to destroy the nationality of the people, for next to love of God and love of kindred came love of country. He was by no means opposed to Welshmen learning English, but they were in no sense worse men for retaining a knowledge of their own language. He concluded by urging that the future objects of the Eisteddfodan should be to encourage the cultivation of Welsh literature, and Welsh music, and, adapting themselves to altered circumstances, to encourage also the love of industrial art by instituting exhibitions such as they had had upon that occasion. The proceedings of the Eisteddfod were brought to a close by a concert, for which there was again an excellent programme, including several of Sims Reeves' most popular songs.

SHORTHORNS AP'MUTTON.

Castle Ram, Flintshire, Aug. 1e.

Dr. Silent can understand what Welsh language signifies, inasmuch as he has spoken it fluently from his childhood; but what "Welsh music" may signify he is at a gripe to guess. Perhaps Mr. William Chappell will enlighten him.

The following is from Mr. Baker Butcher Baker, who is mineralising near Biberich on the Rhine:—

DEAR SILENT,—Feeling sure that the enclosed will amuse you, and that it is worth the sacrifice of 18 Kreuzers, I send it to you with the right of translation and my kindest remembrances.

Always yours,

BAKER BUTCHER BAKER.

Wiesbaden, 14 August.

"The enclosed" means a feuilleton from a Nassau paper (the *Nassauische Landes Zeitung*), which being written and printed in German, Dr. Silent has been at the pains to cast into English. It

is entitled in the original "*Die Macht der Musik (eine Munchhausenstade, erzählt vom Sänger Formes)*"—*The Power of Music (a Munchauseniade, related by the singer Formes.)*

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

It was in London; on the previous evening I had sung the part of Bertram, and was dreaming of beautiful Spain and my adventures at the Spanish Court, when I felt a heavy hand shaking me. I woke up and saw my servant George standing before me. He was trembling from head to foot, and said the Duke of Devonshire desired most urgently to speak to me. Now I could never reconcile myself to troublesome visits, and as I had given my servants orders never to let any one in before one o'clock, my dissatisfaction was, therefore, not less than my astonishment. Turning angrily round in bed I said: "Tell the Duke he cannot see me now; he must call again."

"I have already informed the Duke," replied George, "that we are forbidden, on pain of dismissal, to announce any one in the morning, but he persisted in his request, a human life being at stake."

"A human life, you booby, why did you not say so at first!" I exclaimed. The next moment I was out of the sheets and enveloped in my dressing-gown. "Show the Duke in," I said. A few moments later, the Duke appeared at the door. His face was veiled in deep gloom. After a few hasty compliments had been exchanged, the Duke said: "Excuse me, Herr Formes, for disturbing you at so unusual an hour, but the physician attending my wife, who has been ill for weeks, and is in the greatest danger, has informed me there is only one method of saving her, and that is that you, of whose voice and singing the poor thing is enthusiastically fond, should kindly sing a song in the room adjoining her boudoir. The effect this would produce upon her nerves would, so the physician asserts, bring on a favorable crisis in her illness." As a matter of course I did not hesitate a moment. I declared that I was ready to follow the Duke immediately I had dressed myself, which I was in the habit of doing very quickly.

The matter was not as simple as I had at first imagined, for the Duchess was not in London, but at a country-seat of the Duke's twenty miles away, and it was requisite, in consequence of a promise I had made, that I should be in town again before mid-night. The horses went along as quickly as the wind. We sat in the carriage without exchanging a word, the Duke plunged in silent grief, and I busied in selecting the song I should sing. As we drove under the gothic archway of the mansion I had made my selection. The "*Wanderer*" of Schubert was the remedy. A few minutes subsequently, after traversing a suite of magnificent apartments, we found ourselves in a large room where, as the windows were shaded with heavy curtains, there reigned a soft half-obscure. Catching hold of my arm, the Duke led me gently to a curtain, which he noiselessly raised, and I beheld, a few paces before me, the pale form of the Duchess upon her couch of sickness. My heart began to beat, for it seemed there was no hope, but that all was lost, except by a miracle. All the color had disappeared from the forehead and cheeks of the patient; the eyes were lustreless, and sunk deep in the sockets; the lips were livid; and the hands, which convulsively clutched the counterpane, were of a wretched yellowish white! I could not help involuntarily shrugging my shoulders; the Duke let the curtain fall and pointed to a magnificent grand piano, which I now remarked for the first time standing in the middle of the room. I understood the sign and walked up to the instrument with a feeling of despondency I had never experienced before. To gain self-possession I preluded, the Duke standing by the curtain which concealed the door leading into the Duchess's chamber. I began the song—you know how I sing the "*Wanderer*"—not looking up until the last tone had died away. When my glance met that of the Duke, I was astonished at the change which had taken place in his features. He looked almost joyous; but better still, remained behind! The Duke made me a sign, and I went softly up to him. He drew the curtain on one side, and I could scarcely believe what I saw. A slight tinge of red overspread the Duchess's forehead and cheeks, while her eyes beamed gently upon us. "Ah!" I exclaimed, almost too loudly, "I will now do something else." With these words I hurried to the piano, and sang "*Im Kühlen Grunde*." You know how I sing the song! What shall I say more? A fortnight afterwards there was a ball at the Duke of Devonshire's, and I opened it with—the Duchess! Such is "*The Power of Music*."

Dr. Silent opines that the *Naussauische Landes Zeitung* must be a soft, pliant, easy, gullible, print of its leaves. Nevertheless, Dr. Silent is equally glad to learn that the late Duke of Devonshire had a Duchess.

The subjoined scene at an hotel has been submitted by Squire Rhos. It will be found more or less uninteresting.

SCENE AT AN HOTEL.

SIR.—Having casually had to stay at the same hotel as the celebrated Marlinspicke and Ap'Shenkin, and while writing my letters I was

disturbed by those 2 gentlemen: one of them I thought was very vulgar in his language. They were giving each other's opinion of different opera conductors, and I soon found out which was Marlinspicke by his Lancashire lingo, and Mr. Editor, if you will allow me, I will give you a portion of their conversation. There was Marlinspicke smoking at a long pipe and Ap'Shenkin with the *Times*.

Marlinspicke—Eh, Lad, I feel *rare* and *tiend*. Ap' Sh.—I feel rather fatigued myself. Msp.—I wish we had gone to the opera instead of going to them their gardens. Ap' Sh.—I am of the same opinion as your self. Msp.—Eh, Lad, I do loik a bit of rare good singing; what does thou think of yon Sims Reeves' singing? Ap' Sh.—One of the greatest artists of the day; there is no one in my opinion that can sing recitatives lick him. Msp.—Ah, but ther's yon Santley; does thou think he cant sing as weel? Ap' Sh.—Mr. Santley is a *baritone*, and Mr. Reeves is a *tenor*. Msp.—Ah, but I mean, does thou think Santley has as great a *sole* as Reeves? Ap' Sh.—Every bit as great. Mr. Marlinspicke, will you touch the bell for the waiter to come? Msp.—What does thou want, my lad? Ap' Sh.—I want to see *Punch*.

Marlinspicke hates to be trubleed, so he composes as he gets up—fiddle fadl foodle, and the devil knows what truble. (*Enter waiter.*)

Msp.—As thou got *Punch*? Waiter—What sort of punch would you like, sir? brandy, whisky or rum. Ap' Sh. (*laughing*) * * * Msp.—Get off with thee, mon, bring me that funny paper wilt. Ap' Sh.—You have dropped a letter. Msp.—Weer? Ap' Sh.—Why, by the fireplace. Msp.—Eh, Lad, I have, and does thou know I picked it up when I was coming from the Alhambra tother neet, and what's thou think ther's on it; ther's been some one to tree to write poetry—but I cana make much out. I shall read it thee, lad; the first goes so:—

There was an old Jerret,
And a horn player was he,
And his horn he bursted while
Buskin with me.
Said he to a chum,
I tell thee what, tum.
I am tired of the horn playing,
Next get up a fun.

Msp.—What does thou think on't? Ap' Sh.—I don't think it's good. Msp.—Hear to this:—

The fluid of the Rhine,
Was not made for *swaine*.

Msp.—I don't know what it means, thou knows. Hear tother two lines:—

Who is Gye—who is Map,
After all their mishap?

Ap' Sh.—I don't know what it means. Msp.—Well, never heed it, lad. Were shall we go tomorrow neet? Ap' Sh.—Any were you please. Msp.—I shuld loik to go and see yon Costa; eh, lad, he is a rare conductor. Ap' Sh.—Yes, I think he is, and a gentleman. Msp.—Yes, that he is. I dona think that there is one loik him in London. Ap' Sh.—He is an excellent conductor and a composer. Msp.—Does thou remember that theer Sunday when we went to yon Catholic church over the water yonder? What does thou call that little fellow that conducted? Ap' Sh.—Why, you mean Lutz. Msp.—Yes, that's the name. I remember him in Lancashire. Eh, thou shuld have heard him extemporeeing, and he sits upon the organ, no one can get him away, something loik Beethoven; thus I knows thou heard about him. Ap' Sh.—Yes, I have read about him. Msp.—Now I tell thee what it is, lad, there are one half of the conductors that can't keep street time. There is Vianesi and that theer Mellon—they are good; and there is a little bird, his name is Hird, watch him and feed him. Ap' Sh.—Mr. Marlinspicke, I think you are getting poetical. Msp.—Not a bit on't. I must speak my mind—that's what we do in Lancashire, do thou see.

So, Mr. Editor, thus ended the evening through the Boots bringing in the slippers. I am, oh Silent, thine faithfully,

Rhos.

To Dr. Silent.

Dr. Silent has a good mind to let loose Ap'Poodle on Messrs. Rhos, Marlinspicke, and Co.

LUKE TROUBLE.

L uke Trouble raised a bubble
U nder acrostican trouble,
K ing-puffer, what a buffer,
E gad! he's a country duffer.

T wigg the covy, isn't he a posy,
R icking out his dialectical prosy;
O h! mark his hares—see how they stare!
U nselfish Luke, pry'thee take care.
B ehold! Muddle, what's in yon stubble,
L isten! how it brays—as it sits in the puddle,
E h mon! it's Luke full o' Trouble.

Te Wee!

Prigg Hut, Whipton, Aug. 14.

BOOTH BIRCH.

Dr. Silent thanks Mr. Booth Birch, and begs to direct his attention to Mr. Ap'Poodle, Mr. Lewis Thomas, Herr Auguste Manns, Mr. R. K. Bowley, and the others named last week. Also, "muddle" rhymes well with "stubble," and "stubble" with "puddle."

SIR.—The English Opera Company has published its balance-sheet, and I am glad to find that the directors are satisfied with it, and that they propose to recommence operations in the autumn. Among the new works to be brought out next season an opera by Mr. Henry Leslie, and another by Mr. George Osborne are mentioned.

Castle Table, Table Land, Aug. 12.

Yours, S. T. TABLE.

Dr. Silent thanks Mr. Table for nothing.

DEAR SILENT.—The great operatic news of the day is the project entertained by Mr. Gye for transferring the management of the Royal Italian Opera to a limited liability company. Some of our contemporaries speak of this project as if it were sure to be carried out; and we must indeed suppose that Mr. Gye would not have announced it unless he had received ample promises of support. But the company is not yet formed; and even if it were now in existence, it is not by any means certain that it would be able to make the arrangement with the director of Her Majesty's Theatre which Mr. Gye regards as a necessary part of his scheme. It is proposed that Mr. Mapleson should cede all interest in Her Majesty's Theatre to the company; and, as a step towards this result, it is stated that Earl Dudley, the proprietor of the building, is quite willing that he should do so. In the mean while, as Mr. Mapleson himself has not yet come to terms, it is premature to state that there are henceforth to be no rival Italian operas in London. I am, dear Silent, yours in faith,

YEEND YEM.

Five Ways Inn, Gloucester.

Dr. Silent is of opinion that if all parties come to agreement the scheme will obtain. He is also of opinion that Mr. Mapleson is more or less a party. Nevertheless, until Mr. Ap'Mutton returns and pronounces his blessing, nothing can hold. These are the arguments of Dr. Silent. He trusts that Mr. Yem will apprehend them without wincing.

SEMIAMIDE, BEYLE, MERY, CROCODILES, TREBELLI, &c.

SIR,—In the generally interesting, frequently witty, sometimes erroneous, and occasionally absurd, *Life of Rossini*, published by Stendhal, alias Bonbet, whose true name was Beyle, and who stole all the substance of his *Life* from Carpani's *Le Rossiniere, ossia Lettre musicotratrali*, a most remarkable account of *Semiramide* is given. Stendhal, according to one of his critics, who evidently never read him, "*était à genoux devant Rossini et doutait de l'amour!*" Neither statement is true; but, as to Rossini, Stendhal only went down on his knees when Carpani went down, and got up again when Carpani got up. "The Germanism of *Zelmira* is nothing compared to that of *Semiramide*" may be regarded as one of the most curious observations contained in the *Vie de Rossini*.

"It seems to me" (that is, to Carpani)—the so-called Stendhal goes on to say—"that Rossini has here committed a geographical error. This opera, which at Venice only escaped being hissed on account of Rossini's great name, would, perhaps, have been thought sublime at Königsberg or Berlin. Rossini will end by being more German than Beethoven." In another part of the same work *Semiramide* is spoken of briefly as "an opera in the German style." A French critic, writing on his own responsibility (we apologise beforehand to M. Méry, the arranger of the opera for the French Académie, if we err in attributing the remark to him), has said that when he hears *Semiramide* he finds himself suddenly transported to the East, and that crocodiles and other monsters in keeping with the character of the work appear before him.

Why this *Semiramidal* music, which to Stendhal (through Carpani) suggested Königsberg and Berlin, should have made another critic see crocodiles, we have never been able to understand. We saw no crocodile at Her Majesty's Theatre as we listened to the mellifluous singing of Mdle. Trebelli in the part of Arsace; and, if the *Semiramide* of Mdle. Titiens did, now and then, remind us of Vienna or Berlin, that was owing to the "Germanism," not of the part, but of the singer intrusted with it, to whom the thoroughly Italian music of this, the last of Rossini's operas, written specially for Italy, is well suited. Mdle. Titiens' fine voice is often heard to advantage in *Semiramide*, especially in the recitatives, which she declaims magnificently; but it is not as a singer of florid music that she has gained the high reputation which she deservedly enjoys, and no one could form a just conception of her talent who had heard her, not in *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, or *Les Huguenots*, but in *Semiramide* alone, in which she is *sui generis* unique. It was for the sake of Mdle. Trebelli's singing that *Semiramide*, as recently played at Her Majesty's Theatre, was equally worth hearing. It was a piece of good fortune for Mdle. Trebelli to have had such music to sing; but it is very trying for her associates in the opera, and, with the exception of

Mdle. Titiens, whose performance, in whatever character she appears, is sure to possess merit, they cannot be said to have acquitted themselves very creditably. But from the first phrase in her opening recitative, "*Eccomi alfin in Babilonia*," which she delivers in a style worthy of Alboni, Mdle. Trebelli's performance of the part of Arsace—the last really great part written for the contralto—was a continued triumph. In spite of our two so-called "Italian" companies, Mdle. Trebelli is the only singer we have had, this year, in London, who, though not an Italian by birth, sings to perfection the contralto music of genuine Italian opera. Our opera companies, however, are now only Italian in name. One of our contemporaries pointed out, the other day, that the cast of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, as represented at Her Majesty's Theatre, included a German soprano, a Hungarian soprano, a French contralto, a Spanish tenor, an English baritone, and mongrel bassi; and it very often happens both at Her Majesty's Theatre and at the Royal Italian Opera, that neither the work performed, nor the singers performing it, are Italian.—I am, Sir, yours,

PONTIFEX FOURACRES.

Acreege—Acree Lane, Aug. 14.

As the soul of wit, Dr. Silent would suggest to Mr. Fouracres brevity. Mr. Fouracres should study Mr. T. Duff Short as a model. Nevertheless, Dr. Silent (who nods as he holds his pen) would gladly be informed who where the "mongrel." * * * (Dr. Silent sleeps).

Fish and Volume, August 18.

Abraham Silent.

P.S.—Dr. Silent, scarce hugged in his maiden sleep, was woken up suddenly by Mr. Table, with a missive, described by him (Table) as "of egregious consequence." Without reading, Dr. Silent despatched it forthwith to the office of *Muttoniana*, there to be set up in type.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

To the Editor of "*Muttoniana*."

SIR,—I have only just had my attention drawn to an article, headed as above, which appeared in your paper of Saturday's date. And in reply to it, beg to say that you do Dr. Yellow a great honour, and the friends of Mr. Levy a very great pleasure by inserting that article, as it brings into notice a hitherto obscure individual, y'clept Yellow, M.D., and enables your innumerable readers to become acquainted with the scurrilous style of that talented author's writings. I think, however, in common fairness, before designating my cornets "instruments of torture," he ought to have done himself the honour of visiting my manufacturing establishment, situate, and being Nos. 9 and 10, Great Newport-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.; when he, and his funny men, and you, Dr. Silent, and your numerous staff of Muttonians, are very welcome to come at any time that best suits ye and see the process of manufacturing home made instruments of brass of every conceivable description by steam machinery, from a mouthpiece to a Levy-athian Bombardone; and I venture to assert that when you leave it will be with the firm conviction that were Vulcan living at the present time he'd be nowhere in comparison with so distinguished a "forger" as I am. By Jove he would not; but, if you think and say otherwise, I'll blush, that I certainly will. Reverting to Dr. Yellow's criticism I beg to say (with my hat off), that that gentleman is in error when he states that the denial of Levy's death was a puffing advertisement. I assure you, on the word of a man who never blushed in his life (seeing I never had occasion to indulge in so effeminate a luxury), that it was nothing of the kind, but merely what was due to Mr. Levy from his "d—d good-natured friends," during his absence from his native land.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow,

He that would search for Pearls must dive below.

A man who has the gift of ridicule is apt to find fault with anything that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, and very often censures a thing, not because there is any fault with it, but because he cannot be merry upon it. Boccalini says, "A famous critic, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a present of them to Apollo, who received them very graciously, and resolved to make the author a suitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to do this, he set before him a sack of wheat as it had been first threshed out of the sheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it by itself. The critic applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation was presented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains."

If chaff be fun, and fun be chaff,
Wherein comes Dr. Yellow's laugh?

"I pause for a reply."

* A true critic ought rather to dwell upon excellencies than imperfections, then my "patent light valved cornets" would be justly extolled by the whole of the enlightened press in conjunction with all the cornet players of note with Mr. Levy at their head, to the discom-

figure and exposure of those pretenders who have the barefaced impudence to engrave their names on musical instruments as though they were the legitimate manufacturers. Again reverting to Dr. Yellow (not Green) it has been said, and truly so, that "a man who cannot write with wit on a proper subject is dull and stupid, but one who shows it in an improper place is as impudent and absurd." In conclusion I beg to reiterate the assertion that "Levy is not dead," but that another equally celebrated individual is—viz., San-ko-lin-sen. And no doubt Levy's over anxious friends hearing that a great man had lately died, without taking the trouble to inform themselves from the daily papers, jumped at the conclusion that it must have been "Levy."

Yours, &c., TUBAL CAIN II.

Dr. Silent having gone to sleep again Mr. Table seizes the occasion to congratulate Mr. Levy, Mr. Tubal Cain II. and all concerned. Mr. Table would be sorry that anything should happen to any of them—or indeed to anybody else, including Mr. Table.

(For ABRAHAM SILENT)

S. C. Table.

Fish and Volume—Friday at Midnight.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DONALDSON.—We deeply regret to intimate the death of Mr. John Donaldson, advocate, professor of the theory of music in the University of Edinburgh, which took place at his residence, Marchfield, near Edinburgh, on Saturday. The esteemed professor had been long in a weak state of health, which greatly retarded his zealous efforts to utilise his office, and to give to the chair of music that importance in the academical curriculum which it merited. Mr. Donaldson was called to the Scottish bar in 1826, and was appointed to the professorship of music by the town council in 1845, in succession to Sir H. R. Bishop. By all who knew him Mr. Donaldson's loss will be deeply lamented. His gentle, sensitive spirit shrunk from the discords of public life, and his fastidious taste debarred him from all rude enjoyments. But he was tenderly loved by all those who understood him, and warmly admired by all who sympathized with his thoroughly musical nature.—*Edinburgh Courant.*

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

RICHTER (Hamburg).—"Die Geigenmacher Der Alten, Italienischen Schule," von NICOLAUS LOUIS DIEHL.

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